

"Type" System May Be Wrong, But It Works

"A Tailor-Made Man" Shows Uses of Old and New Schools

Two things may be said for the much discussed "type" system which for the last eight or ten years has been in common use when selecting a company of actors to present a play. First, it is all very wrong. Second, it works.

This subject has been written of so frequently that it seems as if every one must know the tenets of the modern manager as opposed to those held by the producer of another generation. Briefly, supporters of the old school aver that actors should be picked for their ability to act, not for their physical appearance. The moderns insist that the first duty is to the eye—that it is better to look a part than to act it. (They inexplicably continue to insist even after seeing specimens of the little Burke and Dustin Farnum school in action.)

This system of the moderns works better than one would expect, and for the very good reason that it is altogether ignored whenever sticking to it would make any difference. For instance, suppose the modern manager requires an actor for Falstaff. Does he page Frank McIntyre or Fatty Arbuckle for the chief attraction of a circus side show? On the contrary, he secures Broadway for lean old Shakespearean actors who know their business. Give them a few dozen rolls of cotton padding and they can make a "type" actor sound like a callboy with no heart in his task.

Was the slender Lyn Harding the type for Henry VIII? Was Sydney Greenstreet? Yet both these actors played the fleshy king in two productions last season and their performances were as gems of many facets. Nazimova, with the wisdom of ages and all life's experiences in her beautiful, mobile face, reduced audiences to pulp by her performance of the innocent, wondering girl in "Ception Shoals." Yet, externally, the rôle would have been better realized by the wistful, insipid Mabel Taliaferro, who would have been as lamentable in it as the Russian was superb.

All this is by way of introducing the cast of "A Tailor-Made Man," the splendid comedy now playing at the Cohan & Harris Theatre. There one may study the result of combining ability to act with "type"—the blending of the old school with the new. Incidentally, it is not only the theories of the two schools which are brought together in this play. Actors there are who have served under Booth and Barrett in the ranks of that matchless training school, the old Boston Museum. Despite the scornful attitude so frequently noted on the part of the present generation of actors (who regard the older school as "out of date"), we noticed that the youngsters had to keep on their toes to prevent the older ones from taking the scene away from them, as the vernacular has it.

Only those who know nothing about the theatre except there is a war tax can see "A Tailor-Made Man" and remain unappreciative of the great task that was Cohan & Harris's and the time came to assemble the cast. What hours were passed interviewing hopeful aspirants! What havoc of nerves and patience the first rehearsal made! Yet the reception of the play in Boston must have compensated the producers for their extraordinary pains.

The work of Grant Mitchell in "It Pays to Advertise" commended this clever young man for the rôle of John Paul Bart. So this part was the least difficult to fill. The most difficult was that of Abraham Nathan, the intellectual and highly bred Jew. It never would have done to have an actor of the Joe Welch type essay the subtleties of Nathan. Applicant after applicant was rehearsed and turned away. Then the name of Frank Burbeck occurred to some one whose long memory recalled the dignity with which the old actor had played a similar rôle in "Men and Women" back in 1901.

Mr. Burbeck began his stage career in Boston with Robson and Crane in "A Comedy of Errors." He was General Haverstraw in the first production of "Shenandoah," Israel Cohen in "Men and Women," the Governor in "His Excellency the Governor," General Woolsey with Crane in "David Harum," with Maude Adams and in several other productions.

Other players in this company have seen honorable service. Minna Gale Haynes was six years with Booth and Barrett and Lotta Linthicum began in Daly's stock company and was later with Rose Coghlan, Wilson Barrett and the old Fifth Avenue stock company.

Last Week of R. C. Carton's "Lord and Lady Algy"

The last week of R. C. Carton's "Lord and Lady Algy" begins at the Broadhurst Theatre on Monday night, with William Faversham, Maxine Elliott, Irene Fenwick and Maelyn Arbuckle in their original rôles. There will be four matinees this week, Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, in order to accommodate the demand for tickets. The original engagement of "Lord and Lady Algy" was for four weeks only, but owing to the success of the production it was necessary to extend the season one week.

"Yes or No" Moves

"Yes or No" moves over to the Longacre from the Forty-eighth Street Theatre Monday night. Arthur Goodrich's drama of women and their homes has turned out a success, and it is confidently expected that it will remain at the Longacre for the remainder of the season.

TWO WILLS CLASH IN "KAREN"



Fania Marinoff as Karen and Harold Meltz as the discarded sculptor

Karen Receives an Old Lover

A Strong Scene From the Third Act of "Karen," the Play Now Running at the Greenwich Village Theatre

(The action takes place in Karen's home in Scandinavia.)
Strandgaard—Thank you for wanting to see me.
Karen—Wanting to?
Strandgaard—Yes.

Karen—I guess I was forced to it, unless I wanted to expose myself to worse things.
Strandgaard (with emotion)—I had to see you once more. (Looks around with some embarrassment.) Haven't you a room of your own?
Karen—Yes, of course.

Strandgaard—Can't we go in there?
Karen—No, we cannot.

Strandgaard (with a sweeping gesture of his arm)—This general assembly hall—

Karen (nervously)—Now please do me the favor of leaving at once. You ought to understand how unpleasant—

Strandgaard—You have avoided me on the street; you have not answered my letters—there was nothing else left for me.

Karen—Well, be seated, then, and let us have it over. What do you want of me? Tell me quick. You understand, I hope, that I am on pins and needles.

Strandgaard—Heavens, what harm can there be in the visit of an old friend from Paris? (Lowering his voice): If you knew what I have passed through since we met the last time, you would look more kindly at me.

Karen—I am perfectly willing to look at you with kindness, but it doesn't mean anything.

Strandgaard—It seems to me you have had revenge enough. From the day you left me at the Gare du Nord and up to a couple of months ago those in hell couldn't be worse off. How could you do it, and do it in that manner?—I know very well that I was

beside myself, and if the police hadn't taken me I should probably have made for the river. And then to wait three years—three whole years—for the miserable sum needed to bring me up here so that I could see you—just see you! Such wretched poverty! I can hardly understand how I lived through it. And then never to get an answer to my letters. Of course, I know that when I try to write it sort of gets away from me—I haven't your education—

Karen—I never opened them. It had to be done with—irrevocably done with. And if you had a hundred excuses to offer—dispose of it you cannot. Our relation was based on one thing only—on a trust beyond all betrayal. And you—you not only deceived me, but you did so in a mean and unworthy way. Didn't I stand by you in your struggle? Didn't I give myself to you, body and soul? And all the time you—laugh!

Strandgaard—Now, Karen, for once I want the chance to say my say. I have been turning it and twisting it for three years, so that I know it by heart. When I deceived you, as you call it—and now I swear by all that is precious and holy I was not deceiving you! Not for a single minute did I cheat you out of anything belonging to you. You see, Karen, of us two it was you who had culture and refinement and learning. What did I have? What was I? An ignorant, uneducated fellow; a mere workman from a public school. And for that reason I looked to you as a higher being, and I did so more and more every day—yes, every hour that went by I saw more and more clearly the chasm separating us. I loved you as a swineherd would love a princess—a real swineherd, and not a prince in disguise! But do you know, Karen, all there was in me of the swineherd demanded its own rights as well. But my relation with you I wanted to keep clean and beautiful. And I couldn't do it in any other way.

Karen—That is just what I call deceiving me. You deceived me in regard to one side of your nature. And I, who wanted you only as you were!

Strandgaard—You don't know what you are saying—what an abyss—

Karen—So the relation between us had to be chemically purified, so to speak—

Strandgaard—I wanted so badly that we two should be able to look at each other with unflinching eyes.

Karen—You forget that we women want to be every kind of a woman to the man we love.

Strandgaard (stares speechlessly at her for a moment, then he leans close to her and says in a subdued but passionate tone)—You love me still! I can see it—

Karen (drawing back from him)—No, a thousand times no! Don't you understand that the man who lets a woman feel that she is not enough for him—and not enough as a woman, at that—offends her to the very bottom of her soul? Just there lies that sin against love which is never forgiven—never!

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Three Openings At the Theatres Monday Night

"Seventeen" Comes to the Booth and Comedy Changes Its Bill

Stuart Walker's production of "Seventeen," the four-act comedy made from Booth Tarkington's Willie Baxter stories, makes its New York debut at the Booth Theatre Monday evening. Like the book, the play deals with the difficulties of Willie Baxter in securing a dress suit and a proper allowance of pocket money with which to dazzle the fluff-haired, baby-talk vampire before whose smiles strong men of seventeen have always fallen. Something entirely new in villains is Jane, Willie's ten-year-old sister—she of the eternal bread-and-butter-and-apple-sauce-and-sugar. Genesis, the darkey; Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Parcher, Johnnie Watson, George Cropper and all the other characters of the story make their appearance—not forgetting the two dogs, Clem and Flopit. Mr. Walker's company is headed by Gregory Kelly, who plays Willie Baxter. Ruth Gordon, Lillian Ross, George Gaul, Neil Martin, Judith Lowry, Lew Medbury, Eugene Stockdale, Beatrice Maude, Morgan Farley, Paul Kelly, Agnes Horton, Arthur Wells and Henrietta McDannel make up the cast.

Only New York writers will be represented on the new bill of the Washington Square Players which will be given for the first time Monday night at the Comedy Theatre. The bill which has just come off was the first all-American one which the Players have given, and now they are to present one made up of plays by local writers only. There are four one-act plays on the bill—"Suppressed Desires," a satire by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell; "Habit," a critical comedy by Frank Dare; "The Sandbar Queen," a melodramatic comedy by George Cronyn, and "Pokey," a cartoon comedy by

Philip Moeller. A new actress in the company is Clara Tree Major, who will appear in "Suppressed Desires." Mrs. Major is the director of the Washington Square Players' School of the Theatre, and on this bill will make her American debut.

"Les Freres Karamazov," a drama of modern Russian family life, the next novelty at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, will have its premier there Monday evening. The play deals with the ideals of the younger generation of modern Russia, and the conflicts they cause in one family. Three brothers represent three characteristic Russian types—the primitive peasant, the conservative and the radical. This last central figure, Ivan Fedorovich Karamazov, is the rôle taken by Jacques Copeau. Opposed to him and his views are the two brothers, Fedor and Dmitri, assumed by M. Jouvert and M. Bogaert. Other principal rôles are taken by Lucienne Bogaert and Valentine Tessier.

"The Land of Joy" Begins Final Week

Quinto Valverde's fantastic Spanish review, "The Land of Joy," with the finger-snapping, castanetting dancers and singers, will begin the final week of its New York run at the Knickerbocker Theatre Monday evening. No foreign entertainment imported to this country has ever created such a sensational fad as has this Spanish zarzuela, which typifies graphically what in Spain compares with our native review. No higher tribute could have been paid to the art of these Spanish players than the rapidity with which American impresarios have copied the gorgeous costumes, exotic music and the native dances which were shown here for the first time in the Velasco Brothers' production.

William Morris, under whose direction the production will be sent on tour, announces that "The Land of Joy" will not be seen again this season in greater New York after its final performance at the Knickerbocker Theatre next Saturday night.

Hopkins Offers Playlet With "The Gipsy Trail"

Arthur Hopkins will present this week, as an afterpiece with "The Gipsy Trail," a playlet which he staged for the Lambs Gumbol last Sunday night. It is entitled "A Fantasy of the Trenches," and was written by Percival Knight, the English actor, who will take the part of an English Tommy. Ernest Glendinning will appear as an American soldier and Roland Young as a poet. Robert Cummings and W. H. Gilmore will also have parts. Mr. Knight and Mr. Gilmore are the only participants in the playlet who are not in "The Gipsy Trail" company.

A SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "HAPPINESS"



Laurence Taylor as Jenny, grown up and with a husband and two kiddies

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